

A decorative border with intricate floral and scrollwork patterns, rendered in a light gray color, framing the central text.

# **Kodachrome**

octopunster

## Kodachrome by octopunster

**Category:** IT (2017), IT - Stephen King

**Genre:** 3rd person point of view, F/M, Fluff, M/M, No Smut, Y'Know?, atleast i hope, ben and mike aren't introduced in chapter one, boi i'm not putting official relationships because that's gonna get messed up quick, but i probs am not gonna do that, but prepare for some m/m and f/m, but they are in character, dunno when yet, i hOPE THAT MAKES SENSE??, i have no idea where this is gonna go so???, i'm indecisive can you tell, if i make a relationship canon i'll put it at the top of the tags, if you want you can leave suggestions down below for relationships and/or plot ideas, mike goes to their school in this fic, my poor bbs suffer so much, no smut because underage, possible richie/eddie?? i honestly don't know yet, pretty much just about their school life and they kinda befriend the others in a different way, stan is in love with bill @ the beginning, stan likes bill who likes beverly who likes ben who is oblivious, starts w/ stan's pov but switches between other characters but is 3rd person, switches from character to character's pov but is still 3rd person, this doesn't match the real story, this is kind of just a chill fic for now idk where it's gonna go tbh, this is pretty much just a school au? although they already go to school?, will add/delete tags so stay tuned

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Ben Hanscom, Beverly Marsh, Bill Denbrough, Eddie Kaspbrak, Mike Hanlon, Richie Tozier, Stanley Urís

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**Summary:**

Bill, Stan, Richie, and Eddie are good friends all at school and are always bullied. One day, during lunch, Beverly Marsh is shamed and a big scene is made. Once one of the Losers goes to help her out and

invites her to sit with them, they all end up making a new friend. AKA: A feel-good fic of the Losers Club at school. Probably some future relationships, jokes, and only a few angsty parts! But all will be resolved! So a happy fic for the most part. Tags will change too as I go on so look at them!

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Eddie gagged, "God, I'm eating, stop it."

"I know I'm handsome, but I'm not God, I'm Richie."

Eddie screamed in frustration, "You know what? How about you shut up for once!?" Eddie's eyes practically were popping out of his head.

"Kay."

...

Silence

...

Bill and Stan exchanged looks of surprise, amusement, and confusion before simultaneously looking at Eddie, who shared their look.

"I-I don't know w-what you did, B-but you managed to shut R-Richie up..." Bill spoke with amazement

"You sure YOU aren't God?" Stan laughed

# Kodachrome

## Author's Note:

WOOT

Okay I have no idea where this will go, but enjoy this happy fic? There will only be a few angst moments when the kids are being bullied (There are two in this chapter) but besides that, the fic is super happy, lighthearted, and hopefully funny!

See bottom author's notes too when you finish reading!

Stan Uris woke from his room with the same distasteful attitude he felt everyday when the sunlight fell through his dusty window. His room wasn't big, quite small actually, and the tiny specks that floated through the air gave the stuffy room a matching sight. His gray eyes took a while to adjust to the bright light and he groaned with his muscles aching while attempting to get up. He pushed the cool sheets from over his legs and eventually rubbed his arm over his eyes as he sat up and pushed himself to stand. He slowly stretched his back as he walked over to his closet to grab his school clothes. Stan was a good student but didn't particularly enjoy his classes. Even more than the classes, he didn't enjoy the kids. His friends at times even would cross his nerves.

His whopping total of 3 friends consisted of Bill, Richie, and Eddie. Bill had a distinctive stutter with a hint of a lisp if you were to listen closely. He was tall and lanky, similar to Stan, and his hair parted from the far left of his face to end right above his right ear. Richie was shorter with thick glasses that magnified his eyes to a much bigger size and bucked teeth which produced nothing but mild language. Everything out of his mouth was either a snarky or inappropriate joke and he was the most aggravating of the three by far. Eddie was more reserved and definitely the shortest of the three. He was an asthmatic momma's boy who was such a germophobe that he even avoided using the restroom until he returned back to his house, despite how long he would be gone for.

Stan himself wasn't exactly the most liked kid though. He had a skinny frame and curly hair that fell halfway down his face. He was your everyday young jewish boy stereotype, perhaps even more than the average. His father was the Rabbi and a tiny yamaka would always top his head and complete his school look. He sported a dorky attitude with the way his polo shirt tucked into his high-shorts. Stanley Uris was definitely identifiable as a member of the Losers Club. The name wasn't exactly his or any of the other members' choice, it was decided by Henry Bowers. He was insufferable, horrible, and practically evil towards the Losers. A mullet curved up around his neck and his clothes screamed hillbilly redneck bully. His attitude didn't stray from his look either, that description was pretty fucking accurate. From a young age, Stan and his friends were picked on by Henry and the rest of his crew. He just wished that one day it would all just st-

"Stanley, get going, and be home early. You have got to come straight home and practice reading the Torah, you need to know this stuff, you are my son. Stanley you've got to tr-"

"I know. I got it. I'll get home as fast as I can." Stanley angrily retorted towards his father as he slammed the door and made his way towards the school. He grabbed his bike from the ramp outside his garage and mounted the leather seat over the metal frame. His thoughts started up again and continued as he rode his way down the street. Where was he? Ah! Henry Bowers! Luckily this year they had gotten more of a break so far, an incident happened and turns out even heartless Henry can show a little respect. Thoughts of Bill started to flash through his head as he recalled the incident. He remembered seeing it in the newspaper the next morning and running immediately to his house, but he didn't want to talk. In fact, Bill didn't talk for weeks after it had happened. He had lost his brother about 4 months ago and is currently going through a major state of denial. He can't come to terms and accept the fact that he is gone. As horrible as it sounds, it would be healthier for Bill to understand that he isn't coming back. None of the Losers are able to tell him though, it will break him more than he already is broken. He has mentioned to the rest of the group how he wants to visit places like the Barrens to search for Georgie, but the rest don't want to give him false hope. Maybe this could help Bill though? Although he

would never admit it, Stan wasn't opposed to going either. Sure, he knew there was no actual chance of finding Georgie sadly, and he would have to cheer up Bill once they decide to stop looking, but it might be fun to go hang out with his friends. Again, he would never willingly admit that to the rest of them though. It's the morning though, so Stan shakes his head from the darker thoughts he is having and starts to think about all of the work he will have to do in class and at home.

As he saw the school approaching him, Stan could make out the figures of his friends near the bike racks. The two short boys with dark hair and the tall lanky one next to their unofficially claimed parking spots. A small smile crept onto Stan's face and he tried to hide it the best he could before his friends could see it. He slowed down and eventually stopped right in front of Richie, who adjusted his glasses and greeted him,

"Sup' shit hair, thanks for letting me stay with your mom last night. Turns out the rumor about jew pubes are true, nasty dude." Richie snickered to himself and Stan rolled his eyes

"Nice to see you too." Stan said sarcastically and Bill stepped up calmly and placed a hand on his shoulder

"H-hey St-tan. Ignore h-him... H-he's just be-ing a little-little perv as usual.." Bill managed to stutter and laugh as Richie wagged his eyebrows. Stan looked over his shoulder and smiled at Bill's face, "I know, thanks Bill." he smiled and scooted to the side a little for his own personal space. Eddie was crying out in frustration and disgust at something Richie must've whispered to him, like usual. Breathing in, Stan stepped forward,

"Alright, come on Richie let's go." Stan grabbed the handle of the smaller boy's backpack and dragged him into the school while looking back and waving, "I'll see you two later at lunch, bye for now." Stan smiled as the Bill and Eddie giggled at their friend being dragged inside.

"Whoa didn't know you were so rough Stanley, or that you swung that way." Richie said dramatically as he let himself be dragged into the school. He watched as Bill and Eddie rolled their eyes at his joke and then continue on with their own conversation.

Class went by like a blur for Stan for the most part. There were some times where Richie would complain to him about how their Literature class felt like it was lasting as long as Eddie's mom. How long was that supposed to be anyway? Stan thought to himself in disgust and quickly shook his thoughts as he realized that he was literally wondering how long it took his friend's mom to come. The next two classes went by really fast on Stan's end too, especially since none of his friends were in those courses with him. As he was gathering his stuff in an orderly fashion at the end of class, the lunch bell rang and signaled the end of his third period. He tried his best to walk at a fast-pace down the hall, swerving between the slow-walkers the best he could. He manage to get through the crowd and stop by his locker to set his books inside neatly. "Alright, food time." he said to collect his thoughts. Smiling, he made his way towards the cafeteria, he told himself it was because he was finally able to eat but it was truthfully because he was able to see his friends again. Stan was even excited to see Richie! That's saying something. He yet again tried to go as fast as the crowd would allow him. Just as Stan was getting close and started to turn a corner and walk into the big lunchroom, a foot swept in front of him and he ended up falling face first into the doors.

"Watch out fuck-face, it's hard to see your surroundings under all that shit hair." the voice called out from behind him.

God damn it

The snickering familiar voice was followed by a chorus of laughter from the other four males towering behind him. Stan's smile dropped and he stood back up to walk into the lunch hall again, not looking back to see Bowers' face. He could do without that sight for right now, his mood was already ruined so why ruin it more?

"Watch out, Uris, if you've got places to go faster than the rest of us, the hallways are gonna be hell for you. Watch out buddy, out of school especially, cause when you least expect it I'm gonna get ya. Mark my words!" Henry yelled out as Stan continued walking to the lunch table. Henry spat on the floor and sunk from his face as his victim walked away. He angrily stomped off to find someone else to pick on for now, he wanted lunch and didn't have the money. Stan winced once he was far enough into the lunchroom at the stinging

pain in his face, hoping no one saw what had happened to him. 'Great, more bruises to explain to my parents.' He thought and was interrupted by Bill running up to him, followed by Eddie and Richie.

Great, of course they had to see me get my face shoved into a door, just great. That makes you look real tough. Good going, Stan!

"Sh-shit Stan! Are y-you okay? T-that looked l-like it really h-hurt." Bill's entire face shadowed worry and concern for his friend. Eddie gave an apologetic look towards Stan and Richie was quiet, which was unusual but oddly comforting since he wasn't being made fun of. He just adjusted his glasses and knew it was probably best for him to shut the fuck up for now.

"I'm fine, really... Thanks Bill." he looked up to scan his friend's face in front of him. The blue eyes were caring yet dangerous, they were so easy to get lost in. Stan broke himself from his tiny love trance and turned towards the others, "You two as well, thanks for checking on me. Sorry you had to see me get shoved into a fucking door by Bowers" he gave the smallest of smiles. Eddie laughed and Richie gave a shit-eating grin, somehow Stan felt like this wasn't about him getting pushed either. Now he was in for it, he dreaded whatever conversation Richie was going to try to pull with him.

As per usual, Bill led the way back to their small table in the back, left corner and Stan parted to the lunch line, followed by Richie. 'Oh God, here it comes' he thought to himself, knowing Richie had something to say. Surprisingly, the first few seconds were quiet, but then Richie decided to do what Richie does best:

Talk

"Sooooooo~" he dragged out his word. Uh, oh, it's this kind of talk, "Bill huh? Y'know I was kidding about you dragging me into the school earlier, but I'm starting to think that I'm onto something. Who woulda known straight-faced Stanley Uris was actually a raging homo for Bill Denbrough." he blurted out.

Stanley's eyes widened and produced pure flames of anger towards Richie,



"Fucking what?! Richie that's disgusting don't joke about that!" Stan made a noise of disgust to match his expression, school potatoes were slapped down onto his tray, making the mood even more relevant to Richie.

"Hmm, suit yourself, Uris, but I'm smarter than I look! And I have glasses!! Glasses are supposed make you look even smarter than you actually are!" Richie teased.

"Really? I think they make you look more stupid personally." Stan responded, not looking towards his friend. Richie inhaled a fake sound offense and placed a hand over his chest in false shock, "Stan! You're just as mean as Patrick Hockstetter!" Stan couldn't help but laugh at that as he payed for his unappetizing tray of school Turkey, Mashed Potatoes with Gravy, and a side of some anonymous vegetable, or was it a fruit? He decided not to attempt eating it. He made his way back to the table to sit in between Bill and Eddie, while Richie continued to shoot him that annoying look across from him.

Stan frowned down at his food, if you could even call it that, and then looked at Bill's perfectly packed lunch. A nice peanut butter and jelly sandwich, some crackers, cut up apple slices, and a red water bottle saying "Bill" in his scraggly handwriting. Stan smiled to himself at the familiarness of the letter formation but quickly wrinkled his nose as he picked up his fork and ran it through his own potatoes. From a first glance they don't look too bad, but once Stan moved it around he had uncovered little chunks of unmashed potato and other unexplainable pink spots throughout the mush. He didn't feel hungry anymore. Richie, on the other hand, was stuffing his mouth full of half cooked turkey and the chunky potatoes like it's the first he's had in years. What a waste of money, next time Stan needed to remember to pack his lunch.

"Damn, Derry's got to step up their food game, looks like Eddie's mom's vagina once I destroy her for the fourth time, she's still begging me for more though" Richie blurts out with his mouth still full. Eddie's face contorts into an inhuman form of disgust

"Ugh dude that's fucking disgusting j-j-Why do you always say shit like that!? Especially about my mom!" Eddie's disgust could be felt from miles away it was so strong. He had a large napkin under his neat set array of veggies and fruits. Even a giant tube of hand

sanitizer sat next to his food. It is exactly what you would expect from Mr. Neatfreak's daily lunch setup.

"Cause your mom's hot. Unrelated, but doesn't your food taste like chemicals and Derry toilet bowl because of how often you slather that germ-shit on like it's sunscreen?" Richie questioned while shrugging slightly as he shoved more of the 'food' into his mouth.

Eddie gagged, "God, I'm eating, please stop it."

"I know I'm handsome, but I'm not God, I'm Richie."

Eddie screamed through his gritted teeth in frustration, "You know what? How about you shut up for once!?" Eddie's eyes practically popped out of his head.

"Kay."

...

Silence

...

Still Silence?

...

Bill and Stan exchanged looks of surprise, amusement, and confusion before simultaneously looking at Eddie, who shared their look.

"I-I don't know w-what y-you did, B-but you managed to shut R-richie up..." Bill spoke with amazement

"You sure you aren't God?" Stan laughed and Bill joined in. Bill's laugh was a blessing, or at least Stan thought so. It wasn't stuttered like his usual speech, but it had the same nervous tone to it. It was also louder than the volume he usually spoke at, it was nice to hear him louder for a change.

Lunch carried on for another comfortably silent minutes as they all ate. Well it mostly silent except for when Richie would make a sex

joke of some hot girl or Eddie's mom. Just as Bill had set down his water bottle, a big crash was heard in the middle of the lunchroom, causing an awkward silence.

Beverly Marsh

The girl with the long red hair was sprawled on the floor, held up by her knees next to her spilled lunch. She didn't move and the silent seconds that passed by felt like minutes, hours even. Bill even thought that he could see her shaking.

Gretta stepped up with the same disgusting look on her face. She never tended to pick on boys like the Losers, but it was well known for how nasty she could be to the other girls in the school, especially Beverly Marsh. Rumors of her spread like wildfire and no one would ever oppose them or even think for a second that they weren't truthful. The ones who did never said anything anyways. Even Stan would sometimes find himself believing some of them before he took a step back and thought through the situation.

"Look! Everyone! It's Beverly. Now she's on the floor like the trash you she is! Shows how she lets everyone walk all over her just like the floor, especially the boys, what a slut." she snapped before snickering with the rest of her clique

"She's got a little mess to clean up now, so we'll let her be." Gretta smiled and looked around at everyone who was watching the scene, "See you 'round, whore." she stormed off and for the first time ever Beverly didn't stand up. She stayed in the position she was left in, her soup was spilled all over her dress and the floor along with the rest of her food. The lunch room quickly regained the normal volume and everyone was back off to minding their own business and ignoring Beverly's, everyone except for the Losers, that is. Just as Stan was going to turn back around to talk about how rude Gretta was to her, Bill had disappeared from the corner of his eyes and he saw his friend who was next to him walking up to Beverly.

"No fucking way! Denbrough's going for the slut?!" Richie exclaimed but was quickly shut up by Eddie slapping his arm. Eddie quickly rubbed the hand sanitizer on his hands and lower arms as Bill approached the girl on the floor and knelt down to offer her a hand. She looked up and he could see tears down her face, all of this

must've finally gotten to her. Bill knew she was being bullied for a while and as a result nobody ever approached her because of the horrible rumors that were spread. Beverly cautiously took Bill's hand to stand up and regain posture as she wiped off her dress as best she could, it was still soaked.

"Thanks... but you didn't have to do that..." she spoke quietly as Bill bent back down to pick up her tray and the scraps of food.

"C-come o-on, w-w-we're not d-one yet." he smiled and walked towards the trash can, looking back and signaling for her to follow him. Beverly shook as she slowly followed behind Bill.

Bill Denbrough. Stuttering Bill. Main victim of Henry Bowers, practically the only one worse than Gretta. Bill who lost his brother. Bill who hasn't given up and still tries to search for Georgie in the places that connect to the sewers. Bill who is in denial. Bill who is friends with the other kids who are picked on. Bill who is the official unofficial leader of the Losers Club.

Bill who is the only kid who has done so much as a single act of kindness towards Beverly in a very, very long time.

"N-now, I'm n-not exact-tly allowed to go in w-with you, but y-you can go in t-this bathroom and t-try to ring the s-soup out of your d-dress. I c-can wait h-here and make s-sure no one comes b-back. A-and! When you're d-done you can c-come back and s-it w-with me a-and Richie and E-Eddie too! I'm s-sure they won't m-mind, th-that is! If y-you don't m-mind sitting w-w-with the losers..." Bill stuttered out as they approached the bathrooms. Beverly smiled and grabbed his hand lightly,

"Thank you, this is more than anyone has ever done for me, it- it means a lot." she smiled and pushed on the door for it to opened. She turned her head, "I think Loser is the wrong term, by the way. I think you deserve to be called something that suits you better, like Bill." she smiled shyly before closing the door the rest of the way.

Bill blushed as his hand was let go and rested his back against the wall. During this time no one really roamed the halls because lunch was in session, but the few students that did happen to pass gave him weird looks for hanging outside of the girl's bathroom. He didn't care

though, Bill felt like he needed to make sure that she was okay. Beverly was in his second grade class years ago and besides mindless conversations on the playground or when he once asked to borrow a pencil, they had never really talked. Even in second grade, something she didn't seem happy, but Bill had never built up the courage to ask why. Bill wondered if the bullying was taking place even in second grade or if there was something more to the story he didn't know. Maybe something at home?

The click of the door had startled Bill from his thoughts and he straightened up from leaning against the wall. He could see the few wrinkled places where she had balled the fabric up over the sink in an attempt to drain all of the soup from her clothes. She breathed out and gave a little nod giving Bill the notion to head back towards the lunch room.

"I-I know it isn't m-my place to ask th-this... but has she a-always bullied you l-like this? S-sorry! It just seems... It j-just seems like she's always o-onto you for no r-reason..." Bill spoke carefully, not looking up at Beverly.

"Oh... Uh, yeah actually." she responded quietly and her face drooped a little as she thought about it, "I can remember ever since 1st grade she didn't like me because a boy complimented my hair, my fucking hair caused all of this! Still to this day she insists on spreading rumors and spending her every minute planning on how to make my life even more miserable than last time." She was silent for a couple seconds and Bill turned around to face her.

"D-did you m-mean what you s-said..? Th-that me coming to he-lp you was one of t-the nicest things a-anyone's done f-for you?" Bill looked up and careful blue with a hint of gray met striking teal with tiny splashes of green.

Lost

Just like Stan, Bill found himself wondering who the person underneath the blue eyes was and what secrets they had to offer. What made them unique and how would their eyes would crinkle when they smiled? What other little quirks coated their personality?

Lost

Beverly nodded slightly. Bill's mind didn't catch up to his actions and before he could control himself, he walked up and softly closed his arms around her. She didn't move because she was shocked, and not in a bad way, but in a relief for the longing of another human's touch and comfort. The warmth of Bill's sleeves wrapped around her bare arms below her dress sleeve was what she was starving for since a young age. Her dad didn't count. He never counts.

When Bill pulled away she felt like she lost part of her own body, the coldness returned to her arms and goosebumps formed in the place where his arm just was

“S-sorry, y-you just seemed like y-you needed... I-” Bill awkwardly apologized, realizing that what he did was probably kind of weird since they weren't close, but Beverly interrupted him.

“Bill, don't apologize. You're the coolest kid in school to me right now. Thank you so much.” Beverly felt like she was about to cry, but she wasn't sad. She didn't know how to define what she was feeling, but she thinks she gained something. Happiness? Not completely, but she certainly was more happy than usual. Love? Maybe, but it was a little too early to find that out yet. Bravery? It really depended if he would stick with her. Would he stick with her? She hoped so. No, she knew so. That's the type of person Bill was and she could tell. Her eyes widened the tiniest bit as she finally realized what she had gained.

A friend

“Damn do you think Bill actually got lucky?” Richie was somehow still stuffing the mush into his mouth while Eddie looked away from him so he wouldn't throw up. Stan looked around the room to find Bill and Beverly.

“Shut it, Richie. He's a better person than all of us for going to help her. What happened to Eddie's rule about shutting the fuck up?” Stan said, still aimlessly looking for his friend and the girl who no one else had tried to help.

“Rule's out of place cause I say so. Also, Bill left so 1 of the 3 parties voting me to 'shut the fuck up' is gone, therefore the rule is no longer

active.” Richie mouthed.

“How the fuck does that make sense?” Eddie frowned next to him, looking to his annoying friend but quickly looking away after some potatoes on the side of his mouth. “Oh god I’m gonna throw up.” Eddie placed his hand on his chest and gagged multiple times before he forced it down.

Stan finally caught sight of the two walking back into the lunch hall. He was greeted with the familiar smile of Bill and the awkward and questioning smile of Beverly. Stan smiled back a little but it quickly faded as his eyes shifted down and found their hands intertwined. Stan didn’t know why he felt his chest heat up and the tiniest hint of anger set in, but he ignored it the best he could as they finally approached.

“H-hey guys, B-Beverly is gonna sit w-with us. Y-you can sit between m-me and Richie.” Bill smiled as he pulled up an empty chair from the rack nearby. She smiled gratefully and sat down nervously. She was silent, not knowing what to say, clearly nervous by how the others were silent too. Richie adjusted his glasses and looked her up and down judgingly, either on the urge of making a joke or an insult. Eddie just quietly finished the rest of his celery and tried his best not to stare, but failed. Stan’s expression looked angry towards her, like he wanted something. Beverly severely hoped it wasn’t because of the stuff he’s heard, but she didn’t think Stan was that kind of person anyway. Something still seemed wrong with Stan though. Bill was the only one giving a polite smile and eating the rest of his sandwich and the sides had gone a little hard from sitting out. Beverly didn’t notice she was staring at his food until she saw his eyes widen,

“A-are you hungry? Y-you didn’t eat because you s-spilled it earlier... o-or well... here...” Bill looked down at his food nervously. “It isn’t the b-best food in the w-world, but I h-have s-some crackers.” he said as he passed them to the empty space in front of her. She looked up with the same look in her eyes of true gratitude.

“Thank you, seriously, you’ve been too nice... Thanks to all of you actually-” she turned to the other three, “-for letting me sit here... I know it’s probably weird and awkward but I really appreciate it.” Beverly finished. Richie smiled but kept his mouth shut, knowing he

would fuck up if he said anything right now. Eddie broke from his trance and the corners of his mouth curled up a little, "It's okay, we're awkward too. But, that means the awkward either cancels each other out, or it makes it double! Double can be fun, though" he awkwardly laughed to try and lighten up the mood.

"Yeah it can." Richie said and slapped his hands over his mouth once he saw the expression on the other three boys' faces. He looked over to Beverly and she burst out into laughter,

"Pfft, I can't believe you just said that! You're really funny!" she said as she continued to laugh at their expressions, everyone's mouth dropped.

"Oh, well thank you~" Richie faced the other three and raised his eyebrows, they were never going to hear the end of this. "I'm Richie, if you didn't know that before, but I'm the funny guy of the group."

"And I'm Eddie, aka 1/3 of the other guys who disagree with the fact that Richie is the funny guy, he's more of annoying pest if you ask me. It's just constant 'yo mama' jokes. I'd shake your hand but I've already used Hand Sanitizer 7 times since lunch has started, but let's just say I'm metaphorically shaking your hand by saying that I am."

Beverly chuckled, "Hmm, he seems funny to me." she smiled at Richie,

"Can we keep her? Pleaseeeeeeee ~" Richie looked towards Bill and Stan like the Mom and Dad of the group.

"Sh-She's not a p-puppy, Richie." Bill frowned but Beverly lightly giggled anyways,

"But! It's nice to metaphorically meet you Eddie." she smiled before turning her head to Stan, waiting for his introduction. He awkwardly straightened his shoulders and avoided eye contact,

"Uh, I'm Stanley Uris, most call me Stan though..." he ended and looked back towards the rest of his table. He thought he was done until he was startled by the sound of Richie loudly snoring,

"Ugh, Uris you're boring~" he held out his words dramatically,



“Spice it up curly boy, don’t be Mr. Robot, party til’ your yamaka falls off!” Stan narrowed his eyes towards Richie,

“That’s offensive, number one, and number two I don’t have much other to say.” Stan defended himself. Just as Richie was about to call him out for being a party pooper again, Beverly chimed in,

“That’s alright, Stan, I understand, I’m pretty quiet too and don’t have much to say about myself. While people like Richie are more flavored and could talk for hours about themselves, people like you and I prefer to be short with our answers.” she smiled and tried to relieve the tension, she couldn’t help but feel like she offended him somehow, but she wanted to start fresh and make him feel comfortable around her.

“Conversation isn’t the only thing short about Stan, that’s for sure.” Richie mumbled at a loud volume, which totally defeated the purpose of mumbling.

“C-come on R-ichie, stop making f-fun of Stan...” Bill gave a playful frown, showing that he wasn’t truly upset at his friend.

“Oh come on, Bill! She said I was flavored!” He defensively threw his hands into the air and Beverly laughed again. It clicked in Bill’s mind that in his own weird way, Richie was managing to make Beverly feel welcome and accepted with the rest of the group, doing it consciously or not. In fact, he thought that Beverly might have been trying to make the others feel more comfortable around her as well. Whatever they were doing, it seemed to be working. For the most part anyway... Stan was still acting pretty out of place.

“Oh you wanna know flavor?! I’ll show you flavor?!” Eddie yelled back at Richie,

“What you gonna do huh?!! Kiss me?!!” Richie yelled back,

“No!!? What the hell dud-Do you even know how many diseases can be transferred by kissing people?!! Let alone with all that shit you just ate!” Eddie twinged with disgust towards the boy with glasses. Beverly, on the other hand, was dying of laughter. She thought this was the funniest thing ever, it probably was to be completely honest.

Boy, was she in store for these two, she's signed herself up for a wild ride.

"Richie, why would you even make a joke about kissing Eddie? Does that mean you actually think about it?" Stan finally spoke up after a bit of silence. This caught everyone by surprise, especially Richie, who's eye twitched as he took a second to comprehend what Stan had just said. There was silence for a couple seconds and Eddie looked between the both of them in shock, finally Richie caught a grip and gave a snarky response,

"No dumbass, I only said that because he looks like his mom and I would kiss the shit out of her." Richie winked at Eddie and was reciprocated with a loud slap to his arm.

"You're fucking disgusting, Richie. Stop thinking about my mom." Eddie turned up his nose,

"Ouch! Eddie, it's just a joke! Besides, Stan's mom is hotter anyway. Tell her last night was a lot of fun for me, okay jew-pubes?" he turned back to the boy who started it but was met with a blank stare. Stan knew Richie was continuing his joke from earlier this morning, so he didn't let it get to him, didn't mean Richie still wasn't annoying though.

"B-Beverly, you're g-gonna continue to s-sit with us, r-right? W-we would like that, but it's okay if-if you don't..." Bill politely smiled at the red haired girl and hoped that she would stay. Sure, the Losers were like brothers to him and nothing could ever change that bond, but he thought maybe a new addition would be good. Bill thought that maybe, Beverly needed it too. He had at least hoped she needed it too.

"Of course! No way in hell I'm missing out on these two and their shenanigans ever again." she chuckled as she pointed to the two dark haired boys to her left. In return, all of the boys smiled back at her, except for Stan. He just nodded slightly and got up to throw away his trash and clean off his tray. Beverly decided this was her chance, so she got up to throw away the bag for the crackers Bill had given her. "Thank you so much for the food Bill, and everything else of course. I'll be right back, I'm going to throw this away and then see if I can

talk to Stan one-on-one.” she said and paused for a second, looking insecure and unsure of herself. She felt bad for intruding on their friendship and she only wanted Stan to like her, but what if he didn’t? What if this was just a one time thing? She might never get this chance again, so she decides that she is going to have to try and fix it. “Bill... do you think he’ll ever warm up to me?” she asked as she stepped out of her chair slowly.

“I’m p-positive, it m-may take a while, but I know he w-will.” he watched as she took a deep breath and walked away towards the garbage cans and tray collectors. She stood next to Stan and politely tapped his shoulder. He looked surprised as he turned around, obviously bothered that she wanted to talk to him. After a couple seconds of talking, Stan had nodded his head, and then followed her out into the hallway.

“She’s got a nice ass.” Richie smirked at the others and this time Bill slapped his arm.

“OW BILL WHAT THE FUCK!?” Richie screamed and the three boys erupted into laughter.

### **Author's Note:**

Well uhhhhh yeah! Chapter 1!

Originally this wasn't going to be uploaded and it was just kind of a free time thing, but hopefully it didn't end in too weird of a spot!

Comment down below what you thought if you'd like! I would also highly appreciate if anybody wanted to comment some possible jokes, plot lines, and/or relationships they may want to see in the future?

Thank you for reading! I hope you enjoyed the beginning!